

Happy Birthday, Papyrus

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Summary: So, I had a thought. How exactly did Papyrus get that one thing he'd always wanted? That car? So I came up with a cute backstory where it was a surprise birthday gift from all of his friends. It makes me smile whenever I think of a happy Papyrus with his new car.

Happy Birthday, Papyrus

Frisk was getting really excited. Papyrus' birthday was coming in a week. Toriel had insisted that she get to help plan the party, as Frisk had originally planned to do it all themselves. They were now the sole planners of the party. Sans had considered helping, but he decided against it. **"I don't want to be the one ending up cooking,"** he'd said. But both Toriel and Frisk knew the real reason Sans wasn't going to help. He was just too lazy.

They wanted to please Papyrus as best as they could. Toriel would bake her signature butterscotch-cinnamon pie, Frisk had enlisted Undyne to help make a ton of spaghetti, and they planned to use these cute little plastic Halloween bone decorations to decorate the party area, which would take place outside, where they'd set up some tables when the time came. This would all be a surprise. Everyone that knew was keeping it very low-profile. Papyrus had asked Undyne why she was making so much spaghetti, but she'd covered it up by saying she was stocking up on it for later.

However, they'd run into a slight problem. Not one person knew quite what to get him. Toriel and Frisk gathered all their friends(Sans took Papyrus to Grillby's overworld restaurant for some food there to keep him out of the way) for a discussion.

"My child, would you like to begin?" Toriel looked expectantly at Frisk. **"This was your idea after all."**

Frisk nodded. **"We really need ideas for a gift for Papyrus. We've**

only got six days. Do any of you have plans, or are we just going to have to figure something out quickly?"**

Undyne shrugged and said, "**Well, I could get him an at-home gym set, haha!" **When everyone stared at her, she laughed. "**Kidding, kidding. I was actually thinking of buying him some cooking utensils and an Italian cookbook."**

Toriel thought this over and nodded. "**That's a nice idea. Oh, I just had a thought. I saw this wonderful skeleton wrapping paper at the store. Papyrus would love that! We should wrap all of the gifts in that paper."**

Alphys nodded. "**Well... I could, um... I could build him a new bedside lamp. Ooh, or a puzzle... Yeah, a puzzle. He loves puzzles."**

Friends started giving ideas left and right. But none of them were really sure Papyrus would like them. Frisk was beginning to think they would disappoint Papyrus. They sighed and stared at the ceiling, while their friends tried to think of good ideas. Thinking back to when they became friends, Frisk combed their own mind for ideas. Out of the blue, they wondered if Papyrus still had his racecar bed. Everyone had moved their favorite possessions out. It was likely he still had it, as well as his collection of used attacks and figurines.

Wait! The racecar bed! Hadn't Papyrus always wanted to drive in a car exactly like it? If Frisk could get some of his friends to pool their gold, they could afford a car like that! Frisk smiled wide. Upon seeing Frisk's sudden lift in spirits, Toriel became curious.

"What is it, my child? Have you thought of a great gift to get Papyrus?" **Toriel tilted her head, smiling. "You look like you've had a pleasant thought."**

Frisk nodded eagerly, unable to contain their sudden burst of energetic excitement. "**You guys remember his racecar bed, right?"**

"Yeah," **Undyne said. "He was always saying he would like to drive a car just like it once we escaped the Underground." **She leaned closer, curious as to where this was going.

"I know, I know! I just had the best idea! We could pool some of our money and see if we have enough to buy it! Papyrus will be so happy!" **Frisk clapped their hands. "Can we do this?"**

Everyone took a moment to consider, nodding and checking their pockets. Frisk heard sounds of agreement, and, checking their own pockets and possessions, was made even happier. They just knew this would be the perfect gift for "The Great Papyrus."

Everyone brought a little up, and Undyne counted the cash. "**I think we'll have enough! Haha, great idea, Frisk." **She pulled Alphys into a tight hug, who smiled at Frisk and gave them the "thumbs-up" from between Undyne's toned arms. "**How we all got this much money... I don't want to know."**

Just then, Sans opened the door and walked in. He glanced behind himself, then sat down. **"We're about to be in a ****skele-ton of trouble."** **From somewhere unbeknownst to the group, a drum played the classic _ba-dum-tss _comedy roll.** **"I lost track of Papyrus."**

Asgore had been on his own in the corner, occasionally giving the occasional idea or so. He got up to look out the window. **"I think I can see him in the distance,"** **he remarked.**

Everyone flew into a complete panic. Undyne grabbed the bag of decorations and quickly shoved them into a closet behind a pile of towels, after shoving the money at Frisk, who put it into one of the dimensional boxes on their phone. Anyone who had small gifts already with them stuck them behind the pile of towels with the decorations. Frisk spotted the last thing, the invitations, laying on the table and snatched them up and hid them in the other dimensional box, right as there was a knock on the door.

"HELLO? ARE YOU HOME, FRISK?" **Papyrus shouted.** **"I GOT FED UP WITH SANS AND- OH, ALL OUR FRIENDS ARE HERE!"** **he said, as Frisk opened the door like nothing had just happened.** **"WHAT'S THIS? A KIND OF MEETING?"**

"Oh, it's nothing, we were just... **Playing cards until Sans showed up,"** **Frisk replied, a happy and knowing smile on their face.**

End
file.